THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

The tongue is the most potent weapon known in Simla. It is indeed mightier than the sword and the fear of society gup the firmest foundation of morals. Men who would step unflinching up to the cannon's mouth walk-warily before the eagle eyes of the Simla dowagers. Women, who brave the plague and cholera horrors cheerfully, squirm in terror of the tongues of society crones, of the foul slanders given birth to over the tea-tables and which have usually as much foundation as the vapour from the tea-kettle spout. Simla scandal is, indeed, no respecter of persons, it stalks like a hideous hydra-headed monster, naked and unashamed, seeking whom it may devour, amongst the smiling ranks of society, and nobody knows who will be the next victim to its insatiable maw. On the other hand, persons who come to Simla obscure and unknown, sometime suddenly awake to enviable fame, such as the learned and gallant medical gentleman who, having braved all the guns of

Dargai, with his hospital for the wounded
near the hottest part of the battle, and received
no reward, the morning after dancing a horn-
pipe in a burlesque at the Gaiety Theatre,
was at once made Honorary Surgeon to the

Viceroy,